

"Curse Of The Pharaohs" lyrics

Army Of The Pharaohs Lyrics

"Curse Of The Pharaohs"

[Vinnie Paz:]

Yeah, one time, ha ha
Pharaoh clique

I got no time for extra shit
I'm like a bad film editor with extra clips
You never shit where you eat unless you extra bitch
You never get no relief like I'm next to pitch
I'm on the throne, all alone where the Devil sit
Son of the Wise la-Hakim Menelik
Laugh at the unbeliever you malevolent
He only half as nice, sacrifice his sentiment
Praise be the God, he defy logical
Put me at the foul line, take two shots at you
Death life, life death so horrible
Let this motherfucking bulldog bark at you

[Apathy:]

Jubala, Jubalo Jubalum
I'm a giant on this Earth, fee-fi-fo-fum
Cerebellum over-loader make your brain stem numb
Super fans make their bitch wanna swallow my cum
You can't clash with a Pharaoh, there's nowhere to run
As quick as I put the clip in it go in the gun
Everything is slow motion, blood go in your lungs
Ridiculous as Icarus flying close to the Sun
I'm a supernova, nobody escapes my gravity
Graffiti on the moon spelling out the name Apathy
Undisputed king of the Milky Way Galaxy
I'd eat your whole squad but I got a wackness allergy
Tyrannical, over-sized cannibal
I'm the son of Samuel, murder without the manual
The tomb of King Tut pimp sluts rip guts
From opponents while I'm drinking their blood from my pimp cup

Pharaoh Clique, we bust ya shit
You know it's no holds barred when the bars we spit
It goes: what-what? It goes: what-what? (Pharaohs!)
AOTP get your wig split!
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[Celph Titled:]

Times change, but my mind-frame just loves war
Ted Danson from Cheers, I'm above Norm

I exploit performers that's wack
Record raps on my phone's voice recorder app
Permanent hunchback, from keeping my city on my spine
'Cause I've been making tracks since A hats and Karl Kani
Get your bitch far more wet
When I get paid, it's a fuckin' party with a giant cardboard check
The Army is a hardcore set
Paper before pussy, these haters is all rookies
I give 'em bowling ball noogies
No warning shots, mister
I empty ammo crates 'til my palms got blisters

[Esoteric:]

Aiyo, Pharaoh death blow, the violent tempo
Your soul dead to me like the Pirate's retro
Found on Willie Stargell, I kill these bars well
Lift 'em like a barbell, you sound like Marcel the Shell
When you rhyme, I'm unveiled, designed, my heart sails
De Lima Cartel, is five times bigger
The Czar melts your mind, I spit like a .9
Is that fast? I don't even know, I typically use
A EE-3 Carbine Rifle that Boba Fett shoot
Execute rappers underwater, tie a wire to their wet-suit
Barracudas eat 'em, we don't need 'em
We beat 'em, then we bleed 'em out, trash 'em and delete 'em

[Reef The Lost Cauze:]

Taste the beast, I'm a motherfuckin' Minotaur
Catch a hot flash like an old broad with menopause
AOTP clique, those been my dogs
You don't believe in me? You can't believe there is a God
You must be an Atheist
They don't ever try and test me, I must be the craziest
You ain't make a move yet? You must be the laziest
Your team is shook and I bet you the shakiest
I split your head to the white meat
The gun's roar so fuckin' loud, you'd think that it was Bike Week
I'm from Philly, where the cost of life cheap
50 bones get you gone by Ricans down Pike Street
I'm not a blog creation, I'm not a hype beast
I am the embodiment of dope rhymes and a right beat
I am the result of Scarface and Ice-T
Tan trees, white tees, my niggas think just like me
I'm nice G

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AOTP raw rap forever!

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